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1, 11 5	Bottle,	.	.	11 6	Temperance Doctor,	.	10	5
2, 12 5	Drunkard's Doom,	.	.	15 5	Fruits of the Wine Cup,	.	6	5
Life, 10 4	Aunt Dinah's Pledge,	.	.	6 3	Drunkard's Warning, [e]	.	6	3

NO. CCXVI.

FRENCH'S MINOR DRAMA.

The Acting Edition.

MY YOUNG WIFE

AND

MY OLD UMBRELLA:

A FARCE IN ONE ACT

Adapted from the French.

BY BENJAMIN WEBSTER, COMEDIAN.

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A Farce. -- In One Act.

ADAPTED FROM THE FRENCH.

BY

BENJAMIN WEBSTER,
COMEDIAN,

AUTHOR OF "LAUGHING HYENA," "SWISS SWAINS," "QUEEN OF THE MARKET,"
"BELPHEGOR," "GOLDEN FARMER," ETC. ETC.

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Mr. J. B. Wright, Assistant Manager Boston Theatre.

NEW YORK:

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No. 122 NASSAU STREET, UP STAIRS.

C A S T O F C H A R A C T E R S .

Orig. Haymarket, London, 1831.	National, N. Y., 1841.	Tremont, Boston, 1842.	National, Boston, 1846.	How'd. Atheneum, 1846.	Museum, Boston, 1847.
	Mr. W. Farren, " Strickland, " J. Webster " Webster, Miss Phillips.	Mr. J. S. Browne, " D. Anderson, " Madison, " C. Mestayer, Mrs. Marsden.	Mr. W. F. Johnson, " Kemble, " Walcott, " J. M. Field, Miss Bouquet.	Mr. J. B. Vincent, " J. G. Cartlitch, " J. A. Smith, " E. F. Keach, Miss L. Gann.	Mr. W. Warren, " W. H. Curtis, " C. L. Stone, " J. A. Smith, Mrs. C. L. Stone.
GREGORY GRIZZLE, PETER PROG, GEORGE ALLEN, AUGUSTUS TOMKINS, DINAH,					
Olympic, N. Y., 1847.	Providence, R. I., 1852.	Pittsburg, 1855.	COSTUME.		
Mr. P. C. Cunningham, " Henry, " Clark, " Conover, Miss Phillips.	Mr. P. C. Cunningham, " Townsend, " Hanly, " Strahan, Miss Pentland	Mr. W. Davidge, " Weaver, " Whalley, " Howard, Miss L. Cantor.	GREGORY GRIZZLE.—Brown patched coat, buttoned close up to the neck; faded Nankeen pantaloons, rather large, black gaiters, neckchief, and hat. PETER PROG.—Green Newmarket cut coat, yellow waistcoat, white small-clothes, drab gaiters, and broad-brimmed hat. GEORGE ALLEN.—Black surtout and waistcoat, and white trousers. AUGUSTUS TOMKINS.—Light-green surtout, crimson velvet waist- coat, light jean drab trousers, and eccentric hat. DINAH.—Light-blue silk dress.		

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MY YOUNG WIFE, AND MY OLD UMBRELLA.

SCENE I.—*A Chamber 2 and 3 a. ; a door in F. centre ; window in flat, R., looking on a court and garden ; doors R. and L., 1 E. ; table on R. H., with pens, ink and paper; two chairs on R. H., sofa on L. DINAH, L., and PROG, R., discovered seated ; DINAH at work, PROG reading the newspaper.*

Prog. It's all true, it's all true, my dear Dinah ; the news I received yesterday is confirmed ; my beautiful farm of Cutaway, near Eton, is burned to the ground !

Dinah. My dear father, this is a very great misfortune.

Prog. How do you know that ? Never judge by appearances.

Din. Why, surely, my dear papa, a destructive fire like this —

Prog. (Rising.) Hold your tongue, Miss Prog, or you'll put me in a rage ; imitate my philosophy, and tune up "The Light of other Days" on your piano.

Din. (Rising.) But you know, papa, my piano is out of tune.

Prog. What does that signify ? can't you play on the keys that are in tune, and let them that are not, enjoy the air with me in silence ? At any rate, you have no excuse for not getting it put in order.

Din. I have spoken to Mrs. Primmers, next door, and she has promised me her tuner this morning.

Prog. Well, in case she should forget it, just go jog her memory.

Din. Certainly, papa, I would not cross you for the world ; this fire is enough to put you out of temper.

Prog. Look at me, cool as a cucumber in an ice-pail. Thanks to the march of intellect, I know what philosophy is, and can bear this loss with the calmness of a Cato. I can afford it, especially as it was insured in the Sun fire-office.

Din. In the Sun ! excellent — why, my Cousin George is in that office ; and I'm sure, if he could be of the least service to you —

Prog. Miss Prog, never speak of that young man to me. His means are so small, he should neither make love nor marry — he can't afford it, so I have desired him to pay his addresses and visits elsewhere.

Din. I'm sure he's a very nice young man.

Prog. How do you know that ?

Din. By his appearance.

Prog. Never judge by appearances.

Din. Then he has such a liberal mind !

Prog. Without a penny in his pocket ; most people are liberal-minded, when they can't afford to be otherwise, my dear.

Din. We have not seen him these eight days.

Prog. So much the better ; and, as I have promised you to another, you must not see him any more, at any rate —

Enter GEORGE, d. in f.

Din. Here he is.

Prog. The devil !

George. (c.) Yes, sir, at your service. Don't mind me, uncle ; I'm one of the family.

Prog. (r.) Yes, and you want to increase it.

Geo. My sweet cousin !

Prog. Mr. George Allen, I am astonished — damme, I'm electrified. Dinah, go to Mrs. Primmers, and see if the pianoforte-tuner is come.

Din. (l.) But, papa —

Prog. Miss Prog, must I speak twice ?

Din. Good-morning, George.

Prog. Will you go ?

Din. La, papa !

(*Exit, d. in f.*)

PROG walks up to GEORGE, with a very severe look, and is about to speak, when GEORGE checks him.

Geo. I have just heard of your misfortune, uncle ; and, as one of the family, I have come to offer you my services.

Prog. I'm obliged to you ; but, as I have nothing to do, I shall not trouble you.

Geo. Trouble ? it would be my pleasure, uncle. In adversity, friends should prove what they before professed.

Prog. Sir, my farm cost me 6000*l.* Well, I could afford it ; it was insured for 8000*l.* Well, they can afford it ; and, as it is burnt to ashes, they must down with the dust : so you see "it is an ill wind that blows nobody good."

Geo. My dear uncle, I am afraid you reckon without your host ; that you will not get a shilling from them.

Prog. What ?

Geo. They assert that your farm was fired through wilful neglect ; and if they can prove it your policy might as well have been burnt with your property.

Prog. (Jumping up.) I'm ruined ! I'm ruined ! all my savings gone ! After keeping a shilling ordinary for thirty years I shall want dinner. I'm dished at last.

Geo. Never mind, sir, as one of the family —

Prog. As one of the plagues of Egypt !

Geo. I have not the plague spot in my hand when I offer it to you, and ask you to share my earnings.

Prog. George, but for this accident you should not repent this kindness.

Geo. But for this accident I could not have proved my disinterested regard for you.

Prog. But I'll not stand it. I'll go to law. I'll serve them with a fierifacias.

Geo. Don't put yourself in a passion.

Prog. Why not? my constitution is strong, and I can afford it Damme, it's the only thing I can afford now!

Geo. Coolness and caution must be our weapons; nothing is yet decided; I have some influence with the directors; they are always open to reason, and you shall not be wronged out of your rights, if I can help it.

Prog. O, you dear boy! your kindness is engraven here. I'll not say more now, only recommend you to keep secret that my farm is insured; something may happen. I am rather anxious that my intended son-in-law should not know.

Geo. Your intended son-in-law! Mr. Augustus, whom I have seen with you two or three times?

Prog. The same; he's a musical director of concerts in the suburbs, as harmonious as disinterested; he counts on having 4000*l* with Dannah, but, thanks to the fire, I dare say he'll be content with half.

Geo. Not a word shall escape my lips. This Mr. Tompkins is very rich, then?

Prog. Not yet, but with the money I shall advance him, he will be. He is going to start a perambulating concert-room—a magnificent idea—engage a host of foreigners, and visit all the principal towns in the world.

Geo. And you would give your daughter to a man like this—a perambulating musician?

Prog. What can I do better? I love music—love it passionately! Why not? I can afford it.

Grizzle. (*Without, d. in F.*) O, very well, first door on the right; thank you—much obliged.

Prog. Some one comes. (*To Geo.*) My dear boy, I have no hope but in you.

Geo. Rely upon my zeal. I'll return to the office, meet me there in an hour, and bring your policy of insurance with you.

(*Exit d. in F.*)

Enter GRIZZLE, d. in F.

Grizzle. (L.) Mr. Prog?

Prog. (R.) The same.

Griz. You Mr. Prog?

Prog. I am the gentleman.

Griz. Gentleman!

Prog. Does that astonish you?

Griz. You kept an ordinary?

Prog. Yes, sir.

Griz. At a shilling a head?

Prog. Yes, sir.

Griz. I've dined with you often. (*Sighing.*) O dear!

Prog. Why do you sigh?

Griz. Sigh! it's enough to make any man sigh (*Spitefully*), to think that an ordinary man, at a shilling a head, beer included (that is, small), has made his fortune; while I, who helped you into this galloping consumption of eatables, am poor and out at elbows—'t is humiliating, is it not?

Prog. Sir, this language—

Griz. Why, you—(*Calming his rage*)—I'm wrong, excuse me—misfortune has soured me—I am a lost individual!

Prog. Oh! I see. (*Aside.*) A shabby-genteel beggar. I'll give him sixpence and get rid of him. (*Takes money from his pocket.*) Here, friend, I am not rich, and this is all I can afford. (*Offering him money.*)

Griz. Sixpence! sixpence!—do you mean to insult me!

Prog. Who and what the devil are you?

Griz. You don't know me—nothing personal? Then all's forgotten—forgiven. I'm Mr. Gregory Grizzle, pianoforte-tuner.

Prog. Recommended by Mrs. Smith?

Griz. Even so.

Prog. Why didn't you say so at first?

Griz. I forgot it. When I looked at you, your face recalled a thousand things to my recollection; above all, it reminded me of my wife.

Prog. Is she like me?

Griz. Like you! nasty brute! I see you wish to insult me.

Prog. I tell you I don't.

Griz. Like you! Not so bad as that, neither; no, sir, no; but we used to dine at your house together.

Prog. Ah, indeed! then you—

Griz. Exactly so. Poor Emma! Curses on the villain who stole my Emma from me! for, spite of myself, I regret her loss.

Prog. Have you lost her, then?

Griz. No, she has lost herself; but don't let us speak of that (*Crying.*) Whenever I think of her my heart is ready to burst.

Prog. Indeed! Poor man; how I pity you.

Griz. Sir, I require no man's pity; no one shall pity me, sir; to pity me is to insult me.

Prog. Well, I won't pity you; so go and tune my daughter's piano. To-night we will sign her marriage-contract, and 'tis a good occasion for showing off her talent.

Griz. I heard of this marriage, this morning, at Mrs. Jenkins'! You know Mrs. J.—delightful woman to chat with—speaks ill of everybody.

Prog. Indeed!

Griz. She says that your daughter does not love Mr. Tomkins, and that she is very fond of her cousin, Mr. George Allen. It's no affair of mine,—I know neither one nor the other,—but, take my word for it, my Emma's example may be followed.

Prog. Well, time will show; but I have to go out on business; and, as it is going to rain—

Griz. (*Quickly.*) Is it really going to rain?

Prog. Yes, and I must make haste before it comes down,

Griz. And to think that I don't know the scoundrel who has carried off what I prized so dearly.

Prog. Ah, your wife?

Griz. No, my umbrella.

Prog. Your umbrella?

Griz. There must have been a plot against me; a man whom I have never seen; well, sir, he has deprived me of her.

Prog. Her? Was it a feminine umbrella?

Griz. No, my ma.

Prog. Your ma?

Griz. Yes, her name is Emma ; for shortness, I call her ma, my lawful wedded wife, a lovely young creature, besides a family umbrella that had walked with grandfather, father, and son, on every cloudy day — only eighteen years old, with flaxen ringlets, a mouth like a rose, a Grecian nose — she wished to make a parasol of it.

Prog. Of her nose?

Griz. No, no, of my umbrella, an heir-loom ; — the villain, to deprive me of them both !

Prog. 'T is a sad business, but permit me to observe —

Griz. (*Quickly.*) On that very day it rained in torrents, and I had returned home for my lamented — umbrella ; but, imagine my horror, I found neither umbrella nor wife.

Prog. My good friend, that is not the point in question.

Griz. But there's the crime, sir. Wives run away every day, that's nothing. Very likely they have taken away yours ; but they dare not take away your umbrella. There's the crime — your wife is not your goods ; but your umbrella is. If a man run away with your umbrella, he's transported ; but, if he runs away with your wife, he's delighted.

Prog. Well, sir, if you will not listen to me —

Griz. I'll show you proof ; a note (*Feeling in his pockets*), — no I have n't got it about me, but I remember all the expressions : " Beautiful Emma, cease to be sorrowful; to-morrow, at two, I will tear you from your tyrant, and conduct you to — you *know where*" — but no name — no, no ; the scoundrel ! Well, sir, I was like a madman ; I rushed into the street without my hat, went to all my friends and neighbors, and gave an exact description of her — covered with green silk, an ivory hawk's head, and mother-of-pearl eyes. Now, have I not cause to hate the whole human race ? You have done me no harm, but I hate you ; and, when it rains, I hate myself, I hate the world, I hate everything !

Prog. But, my good sir, what have I to do with your wife or your umbrella ?

Griz. Enough, sir, I understand you. Where is your umbrella ?

Prog. My what ?

Griz. I beg pardon, your piano.

Prog. (*Showing him to room R.*) In that room — put it in proper order — I don't care about the expense — I can afford it.

Griz. (*Crosses R.*) Ha, ha, insult my poverty, do, do !

Prog. (*Aside.*) What a queer fellow ! (*Rain.*)

Griz. (*Aside.*) An old, selfish, poisoning, shilling-ordinary rascal, to have made a fortune by the digestive organs, when, with tuning pianofortes, I am as poor as Job ! but I was born to misery, so it's my father's fault, not mine. (*Goes into room R. H, 1 E.*)

Prog. I thought I should never get rid of him. Ah ! there's the rain coming down in torrents ; but it must n't prevent me from going to the insurance office. I must take a coach ; I can afford it, and I will.

Enter AUGUSTUS TOMKINS, D. in F., closing umbrella.

Tomkins. (*L.*) Good-morning, father-in-law.

Prog. (*R.*) O ! 't is you, Augustus, is it ? What a storm !

Tom. Yes, horrid ; I 've just stepped over with a bouquet for my intended. (*Showing it.*) I would n't wait for a coach, so trusted to my umbrella. Where the devil shall I put it ? It 's famously soaked.

Prog. I 'll put it in my study. (*Goes into room, 1 E., L. H.*)

Tom. Thank you. It 's very strange he does not appear more serious ; 't is a false alarm, no doubt.

Prog. (*Reëntering from room 1.*) Well, son-in-law, how goes on the music ?

Tom. (R.) Better than ever ; the age is decidedly musical, and we are daily becoming more melodious.

Prog. Glad to hear it ; hope you will soon make your fortune.

Tom. Be assured I shall. I have several capital plans. You cannot imagine what I have in my head ; I have millions there. By the by, I have come to ask you to advance me a few hundreds.

Prog. Sorry, my dear Tomkins, very sorry ; but I am unfortunately in a very distressing position.

Tom. Indeed ! then it 's true that your farm is burnt down ?

Prog. Too true, my dear friend.

Tom. The devil ! (*Puts the bouquet in his pocket.*)

Prog. Consequently, you must feel that the fortune of my daughter must suffer by it, and, since you have millions in your head, it can matter very little to you whether I give my daughter a few hundreds more or less.

Tom. (*Aside.*) So, so, a few hundreds !

Prog. Have you any objections ?

Tom. None, none, I assure you.

Prog. Very well, then we will sign the contract to-night ; I must leave you now, for I have to go into the city on particular business. Dinah will be here directly, and I think you like her company better than mine.

(*Exit, D. in F.*)

Tom. Ha ! ha ! ha ! I won't contradict you. The devil ! I am nicely taken in ; I reckoned on receiving at least 4000*l.* with the girl ; I dare say now he won't give her half, perhaps only 500*l.* cash ; the other five I have already touched ; he thinks I will marry his daughter — I had made up my mind to it. I have broken off my affair with Emma, old Grizzle the pianoforte-tuner's wife ; she was invulnerable, and, I hear, is gone back to her husband. I will not marry old Prog's daughter ; — but stay, if I refuse, the old fellow will be furious, and arrest me for the money I owe him, and I have not a shilling in the world. I must arrange that the refusal shall come from him. Ah ! an idea — a double bass idea — my father-in-law does n't know my handwriting, and an anonymous letter will do the business. (*Sits down.*) I 'll say I 'm a drunkard, a gambler, and a libertine, without honor or honesty, morals or conduct ; a liar, a scoundrel, and everything else that is respectable in that way. (*Writing at table R.*) "I heard, sir, that you are on the point of uniting your daughter" — um — um — um —

GRIZZLE enters from room R. H., 1 E. (Rain.)

Grizzle. (*Crosses L.*) My usual luck ! I 've broken two strings. I must go and buy some.

Tom. The devil ! I 'm not alone.

Griz. There is a shop close at hand. (*Perceiving TOMB l.s.*) Ah ! who's that ?

Tom. I have never seen this person before ; 'tis a new servant, no doubt. (*Writes again.*)

Griz. Can this be the intended of the young lady, or only the cousin ?

Tom. There, it is done. (*Folding letter.*)

Griz. (*Going to window, in flat, R.*) Let me see if it rains, still.

Tom. Now for the address.

Griz. Pouring ! — never mind ; I'll run through it, 'tis not far.

(*Going.*)

Tom. I say, my friend !

Griz. His friend !

Tom. Do you know if there is a twopenny post-office in this neighborhood ?

Griz. There is one opposite the music-shop. (*Sulkily.*)

Tom. Is it far ?

Griz. About one hundred and fifty yards.

Tom. Far enough to get wet ; and this letter should be put into the office directly.

Griz. Give me your letter, and I will throw it into the box as I pass. (*Takes it.*)

Tom. Thank you, my good man. By the by, I can lend you an umbrella.

Griz. An umbrella ! Do you mean to insult me ?

Tom. Hey !

Griz. (*At the door.*) I had one once, a family relic — no matter, no matter.

Tom. I assure you, my dear fellow — (*Rain.*)

Griz. (*Going up to him.*) Your dear fellow ! That's what my wife used to say, and when it rained, as it does now, would keep me dry as hay — no matter ; your umbrella ! ha ! ha ! ha ! your umbrella !

(*Exit, D. in F.*)

Tom. A monstrous queer fellow ! What the devil did he mean ? Never mind, he has done me a service ; thanks to him, I can have an interview with my intended before I leave the house, and adroitly prepare her for the rupture I meditate. Ah ! here she is !

Enter DINAH, D. in F.

Dinah. (L.) Did you wish to see me ?

Tom. (R.) I am always wishing to see you, charming Dinah ; but I fear the wish is not reciprocal on your part.

Din. Have I said anything to make you think that your presence was disagreeable to me ?

Tom. No ; but yet, in spite of yourself, I have perceived — perhaps another more fortunate than myself —

Din. Another ! What would you say, sir ?

Enter GEORGE, D. in F.

Tom. Your cousin, doubtless, can answer for me.

Din. George !

Tom. Come in, Mr. Allen ; come in, sir.

George. How I detest the fellow ! (*Aside.*)

Tom. I am sorry ; one too many, I perceive.

Geo. What do you say, sir ?

Tom. Nothing ; but there are secrets that have not escaped my penetration. No, my friends, you do not know me. Augustus Tomkins, the natural protector of love and harmony, disunite two hearts beating in unison ? Never ! No — I 'll sacrifice myself for you. Your happiness shall be mine. No thanks — adieu ! What I feel here will reward me sufficiently. Adieu — be happy ! be happy !

(*Runs off, D. in F.*)

Geo. What does this mean ? Explain.

Din. Why, he, no doubt, knows you have paid your addresses to me.

Geo. He knows that I love you, and you think that he is generous enough to resign you ? Hope returns to me.

Din. You conclude too fast ; there is still my father's consent wanting.

Geo. Never fear ; I have some good news for him — news that will make him happy.

Din. Indeed ! then I begin to have hopes myself.

Geo. You love me, then ? O, celestial cousin !

(*Kisses her hand.*)

GRIZZLE appears at door in F.

Grizzle. Ah !

Geo. The devil !

(*Runs off, door L. H., 1 E.*)

Din. A stranger !

(*Runs off, door R. H., 1 E.*)

Griz. So, so. I 've spoilt their billing and cooing ; 'twas Miss Prog — lets a young man kiss her hand before she is married ! Hum — hum — they 're all alike. This it is to teach girls to play "Love among the roses," on the piano ; but, apropos, the young man who confided this letter to me must be mad. As I was putting it into the post, I looked at the address ; and, to my astonishment, I read, "To Peter Prog, Esq.;" the Peter Prog, who lives here, no doubt ; and so I thought I would save the old fellow twopence by delivering it myself. I hate the human race, but, such is my character, I will always save a man twopence, if I can, when it costs me nothing.

Enter PROG, D. in F.

Prog. (L.) I could n't find my nephew at the office.

Griz. (R.) Talk of the devil — Mr. Prog.

Prog. Ah, Mr. Grizzle ! is the piano in order ?

Griz. Not yet — an accident ; these sort of things are always happening to me particularly ; but that 's nothing — there is a letter for you.

Prog. A letter ! from my nephew ?

Griz. Very likely, he looked like one of the family.

Prog. Yes, he 's a fine fellow ! (*Opening letter.*)

Griz. I merely meant in manners.

Prog. (*Trying to read.*) The — he — hear — hum — what a scrawl ! 'tis impossible to decipher a syllable ; only look at it. (*Giving letter to GRIZZLE.*)

Griz. Really, it seems to have been written by a fly that has accidentally dropped into the ink.

Prog. What's the signature?

Griz. It has none.

Prog. 'Tis very singular.

Griz. I think I can make it out. (*Reading.*) "I hear, sir, that you are on the point of uniting," — Surely I know this hand.

Prog. Why do you stop?

Griz. Be quiet, be quiet — "on the point of u-uniting your daughter to Mr. Augustus Tomkins. I think it necessary to warm you" — eh ! warm you ?

Prog. To warn you.

Griz. It looks exactly like warm — "to warn you that he is a libertine, a bad-conducted fellow, and a gambler."

Prog. What an atrocious calumny !

Griz. Mr. Anonymous may be a rival.

Prog. Ah, true, my nephew ! The rascal has disguised his hand.

Griz. I should think so, or else he was educated before charity-schools were in vogue.

Prog. Go on.

Griz. "At this very moment he is living with a young woman whom he has carried off from her husband." (*Laughing.*) Ha ! ha ! capital ! capital !

Prog. It makes you laugh, then.

Griz. Yes, yes ; I have a sort of ferocious joy on such occasions. Another husband deceived, ha ! ha ! ha ! — so much the better ; the more the merrier. (*Laughing.*) Ha ! ha ! ha !

Prog. Go on, go on.

Griz. "You will not doubt what I advance, when you know the lady's name." Ah ! ha ! now we shall know who she is.

Prog. It seems to delight you.

Griz. To be sure, to be sure ; you never had a wife taken from you, or you'd be as pleased as I am — "This young woman is called Emma" — O Lord ! I'm very ill. (*Sinks into a chair.*)

Prog. Emma ! (*Taking letter.*)

Griz. I must have made a mistake.

Prog. No ; "Emma, and her husband is Mr. Gregory Grizzle, pianoforte-tuner." Why, that's you !

Griz. Yes, yes ; I am the unhappy wretch ! O, villainous Tomkins ! I shall know you at last. You, then, have carried off my umbrella.

Prog. Still, I'll not believe that Tomkins —

Griz. But I'll believe it. Where is he ? Where does he live ? Name his place of abode, that I may annihilate him, crush him to bits ?

Prog. Don't put yourself in a passion.

Griz. Why not ? I ought to be in a passion, and I will be so. Has he not left me for the last fortnight exposed to all the inclemencies of society and the weather ?

Prog. Still you must not condemn him unheard.

Griz. But I will condemn him unheard.

Prog. I'll go to him, and if he doesn't justify himself, I will find another son-in-law — I can afford it.

Griz. Perhaps you can, but I can't afford it. But where shall I find another family umbrella ?

Prog. Will you wait for me here till the affair is explained ?

Griz. Well, well, I will ; but make haste, for I 'm in such a state of nervous excitement I shall do something desperate. (*Takes up a chair and flourishes it over his head.*)

Prog. Be calm, be calm ! I 'll return immediately. (*Exit D. in F.*)

Griz. Now, Tomkins ! damnable Tomkins ! you cannot escape me. Hide yourself where you will, I 'll find you — stay ; on entering this room, a little while ago, the individual who was kissing Miss Prog's hand, — if it should be Tomkins ! — he is there in that room. (*Pointing to door, L.*) O heavens ! thoughts of murder and blood flash across my mind. (*GEORGE appearing at door L., with the umbrella.*)

George. Mr. Prog does not come, so I 'll return to the counting-house, notwithstanding the rain.

Griz. There he is.

Geo. I have taken the liberty of borrowing this umbrella, which I found in the room.

Griz. (R.) Umbrella ! my umbrella, by all that's horrible ! 'T is he, no doubt — Tomkins, the destroyer of my peace.

Geo. (Going.) I 'll bring it back at night.

Griz. You shall not stir. (*Standing before the door in F.*)

Geo. What would you with me, friend ?

Griz. I have found you at last, wretch ! Look at me ! Let me examine you face to face ! He 's not even good-looking.

Geo. Sir, I am as fond of a joke as any man, from those I know ; but from you, a total stranger —

Griz. A stranger ! You don't know me ! but you shall, you shall (*Mysteriously.*) Grizzle ?

Geo. No.

Griz. Pianoforte-tuner ?

Geo. No.

Griz. Air-street ?

Geo. No.

Griz. Husband of Emma ?

Geo. No.

Griz. No ! you don't know me ? But you have got my umbrella, infamous robber ! Do you know me now ? Do you deny my umbrella ?

Geo. Does it belong to you, then ?

Griz. You know it does.

Geo. For what do you take me, then ?

Griz. For a reptile, a knave of hearts, a thief !

Geo. This is beyond bearing, and if you persist — (*Raising umbrella.*)

Griz. Strike — do — assassinate me — put the finishing blow to your crimes, and bring yourself to the gallows ! Ah ! you dare not do it ; you fear the scaffold, coward that you are ! (*In a sepulchral voice.*) The scaffold ! the scaffold !

Geo. Stand out of the way then.

Griz. You stir not hence — give me back my wife ! Where is she ? Where is she — where is Emma ?

Geo. Once more, will you leave me alone ?

Griz. Give me back my wife.

Geo. Go to the devil !

Griz. Then let me go to my wife. You won't? — then keep her; 't will be a sufficient punishment ; but, at least, give me back my umbrella ; my wife is culpable, but my umbrella — give me back my umbrella.

Geo. Are you mad ?

Griz. Yes — my umbrella, my umbrella ! (*Seizing it.*)

Geo. You shall not have it. (*Holding it.*)

Griz. Leave go, sir, leave go ! (*Pulling.*)

Geo. I won't ! I won't ! (*Pulling.*)

Griz. O, you thief ! you unfeeling robber ! (*Pulling.*)

Enter DINAH D. R. H., 1 E.

Dinah. What is the meaning of this noise ?

Griz. Come here, Miss (*Pulling*), and let your presence confound him.

George. Don't listen to him, Dinah ; he is mad.

Griz. Hold your tongue, you cannibal ! hold your tongue ! I despise you ! Yes, miss ; this man, who is making love to you, is a villain — you know you are ! Taking advantage of the rain one day, he walked off with my wife, — a vile seducer ! — and has lived, for the last fortnight, with my umbrella.

Din. Good gracious !

Griz. Never marry him, never ! In the first place, I know you would n't like him — I know you would n't ; besides, I can give you other reasons — I can, you highway robber, you know I can ! — Mr. Prog knows all about it.

Geo. Mr. Prog ?

Griz. (*Letting go the umbrella.*) Never mind, you cannot escape me. I go to seek for a letter — your rascally letter ; after that, I will never leave you — never !

Geo. Leave the room, sir !

Enter TOMKINS, D. in F.

Tomkins. What's the matter ?

Griz. (*To TOMKINS.*) O, my dear friend, thanks to you, I shall be revenged ! (*To GEORGE.*) O, you villain !

Geo. Leave the room, sir, or by Heaven —

Griz. The scaffold — the scaffold — Newgate — Monday morning, eight o'clock — my wife — my umbrella ! (*Exit, D. in F.*)

Tom. (c.) What does he mean ?

Geo. (l.) Really, I don't know ; he has been abusing me in an outrageous manner, but for what I cannot imagine.

Din. (r.) What he said was very clear ; — your conduct is shameful.

Geo. Why, cousin, he's mad !

Din. No such thing, sir ; I have seen him at Mrs. Primrose's often, and I believe everything he has said about you.

Geo. Indeed ! (*Crosses to her.*) He told me just now that he knew you could not bear me.

Tom. (l.) What's all this ? A quarrel between two lovers who adore each other.

Din. I can never love a man of intrigue.

Geo. Nor I a coquette. (*Crosses to L.*)

Tom. (c.) Come, come, be friends ; follow my advice. I have a right to give it, since I have sacrificed my own love.

Din. You were wrong, Mr. Tomkins, for 'tis you alone whom I esteem, and I am ready to marry you.

Geo. Perfidious woman !

Tom. The devil ! this will never do. (*Aside.*)

Din. When my father returns I will tell him so.

Tom. I beg pardon, I merely called for my umbrella. O, you have it in your hand !

Geo. Is this umbrella yours, then ?

Tom. Certainly.

Geo. Indeed ! it was claimed by another person just now.

Tom. Mr. Prog will certify to you that it is mine.

Geo. (*Giving it.*) That's sufficient — I know you — there it is. (*Aside.*) I'm out of that scrape.

Tom. Adieu, my friends — make it up — too happy that your happiness is my work. (*Going to exit through door in F., stopped by MR. PROG, who enters D. F.*)

Prog. Ah ! Tomkins, I have just been to your house.

Tom. Indeed !

Prog. (L. c.) I have learnt some fine things about you, sir.

Tom. (R. c.) (*Aside.*) Good ! he has received my letter.

Prog. I hope you will be able to clear yourself ; otherwise I — Ah, nephew ! Well ?

Geo. (L.) Some excellent news, — the insurance will be paid to the utmost farthing.

Tom. (*Aside.*) What do I hear ? Your farm, then, was insured ?

Prog. For a third more than its value.

Tom. I've made a nice thing of this. Father-in-law, I rejoice at your good fortune, and hope you will, at once, fix the day for my union with your charming daughter.

Prog. To the point. (*Taking out letter.*) I have been written to, sir ; I have in my hand a letter relative to you —

Tom. A letter !

Prog. Which speaks of all sorts of dreadful things. Yes, sir, it states that you have enticed a certain Emma, the wife of a Mr. Grizzle, pianoforte-tuner, from her home.

Din. 'T is he then.

Geo. You see how everything comes out.

Tom. I have enemies, Mr. Prog, and, above all, a rival ; there he is, and 't is he alone can have written that infamous letter.

Geo. (*Taking letter from Prog.*) Look, uncle, is this my writing ?

Tom. Pshaw ! You have, of course, disguised your hand, and he has put the Grizzle affair to my account, when he is the guilty party.

Din. Just now Mr. Grizzle had a dreadful scene with him.

Tom. You hear.

Geo. I shall choke with rage.

Din. Cousin, your conduct is abominable !

Geo. Mr. Tomkins, we must fight, sir !

Tom. Pooh, nonsense !

Prog. Go, sir, leave the house — I've done with you, sir, forever.

Geo. My uncle, you are deceived.

Enter GRIZZLE, door in f.

Grizzle. (*Pointing out GEORGE.*) Ah ! there he is ! My dear friend, let me embrace you. (*Embraces him.*)

Prog. Here's another.

Geo. (l.) You suffocate me.

Griz. (l. c.) Don't try to shun my gratitude ; you are the most generous of men ; yes, you see before you the most generous of men.

Prog. (c.) My friend, have the kindness to speak intelligibly, for upon my word, at present—

Griz. Mr. Prog, this morning you saw me melancholy, misanthropical ; the chain of my existence was unhinged ; I was like a piano with the strings broken, all jar and discord ; but now I'm in tune again ; for, on entering my house just now, I found—

Prog. Your umbrella ?

Griz. No ; my wife, my Emma !

Tom. (l. c.) (Aside.) Emma !

Griz. The dear Emma threw herself into my arms,—a thing she never did before ; and to whom do I owe this happiness ? To him whom I accused, to this excellent and good friend, Tomkins. (*To GEORGE.*)

Geo. You are still in the umbrella error.

Griz. Hold your tongue, you perfection of Mr. Tomkins' ! let me publish your virtues. Mr. Prog, my wife is very jealous ; my profession of pianoforte-tuner brings me in contact with numberless young ladies. Emma did not like it ; she was tenacious of her Grizzle ; so much so that she had almost determined to throw herself into the river.

Prog. Well, well.

Griz. I should, however, tell you she had taken with her my umbrella. This gentleman (*To GEORGE*), passing at the time, saw, on Waterloo Bridge, my young wife leaning on the umbrella—no, no on the parapet ! He ran and found her drowned—

Prog. Drowned ?

Griz. In tears. He consoled her, and walked with her home, carrying in his hand my grandfather's umbrella, which in his hurry he forgot to return. (*Shaking GEORGE's hand.*) Good creature ! Emma begged him to escort her to her aunt's, who lives at Putney, and 'tis that which gave rise to that letter which caused all my suspicions.

Prog. Yes, yes, "charming Emma !"

Griz. "Dry your sorrows."

Prog. "To-morrow about—"

Griz. "Two o'clock," &c. &c., you know it was as well as I do. (*Giving letter to GEORGE.*) There it is ; I return it to you, generous man. You have triumphed over my blue devils, and I feel again in me, heart love for my fellow-creatures. I wish every one to live a thousand years, with twenty thousand a year, and a dozen or two of children. The universe has changed its aspect, human nature appears beautiful to me, and the ugliest person seems handsome ;—even you, Prog, look handsome. By the bye, generous man, will you allow me to ask you what you have done with my umbrella ?

Geo. Ask that gentleman there,—he says it belongs to him.

Griz. To him ?—has he the effrontery—

Tom. No, Mr. Grizzle, 'tis yours, and I beg leave to return it.

Griz. (Taking it hastily.) Very well, sir—being without deli

cacy! I say it before Mr. Prog, though he is your nephew, he is a being without delicacy.

Prog. My nephew! really, sir, I—

Griz. Don't defend him; 't was he who wrote the anonymous letter against my friend Tomkins!

Prog. Against Tomkins!

Griz. I saw him myself concocting the devilry.

Tom. (*Aside.*) He will betray me,

Geo. (*Who has examined the note.*) Why, really this letter is in the same handwriting as the other,—look at it. (*Giving letter to Prog.*)

Prog. Can I believe my spectacles!

Tom. (*Aside.*) All is up.

Prog. O Tomkins, I'm ashamed of you!

Griz. You mean George.

Prog. No, no, Tomkins. (*Pointing to TOMKINS, R.*)

Griz. No, no, that's George, and this is Tomkins. (*Pointing to GEORGE, L.*)

Prog. No, no; that's Tomkins, and this is George.

Griz. Is it possible! (*Crosses to TOMKINS, and embracing him.*)
My dear sir, I beg your pardon, you are my friend.

Prog. Really, I don't understand this.

Geo. But I do, and will explain.

Tom. (*Aloud.*) No further explanation is necessary, sir. You love Miss Dinah, she loves you,—take her, and be happy.

Prog. What? what? what?

Tom. I resign her. Good-morning. (*Going.*)

Prog. Stay, stay; you owe me 500*l.*

Griz. Never mind. I'll pay you.

Prog. You! how?

Griz. With my umbrella.

Prog. Pshaw! it's not worth sixpence.

Griz. I beg your pardon, its value is immense; it is an object of public curiosity. I could make a fortune by showing it at a penny a head. Look, is n't there something very patriarchal about it? Observe this patch and handle; is there such another umbrella in the world? No! in itself it is valuable for its singularity; but when such an affecting story is connected with it, when it has been the cause of such unparalleled domestic distress, it becomes invaluable. Who would not like to possess such a treasure? No individual can purchase it! But, to accommodate the public and the world in general, I've hit upon an expedient—I'll raffle it; and, to render the excitement greater, my wife, the affectionate and beautiful Mrs. Grizzle, shall superintend the arrangements. Now don't you see your paltry 500*l.*? Come, generous friends (*To TOMKINS,*) come under this faithful shelter, and form, with me, an interesting tableau! (*Puts up his umbrella.*) There, I've put up my umbrella—(*TOMKINS goes to Grizzle.*)—long may it rain over us, and bear the heaviest shower of applause your approbation may pour down upon my

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